

# SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

VOLUME LXXX.--NO. 86.

SACRAMENTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

WHOLE NO. 12,327.

## EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

**Sitting Bull Bent on a War with the Whites.**

**FATAL FIRE ON A STEAMBOAT.**

**Startling Disclosure Made in the New York Census Returns.**

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

## TRROUBLESOME INDIANS.

**A Band Captures the Wives of Two Indian Policemen.**

OMAHA (Neb.), November 28th.—A special to the *Omaha Bee* from Pine Ridge says: The beef train passed off yesterday with 1,000 head of cattle. Four hundred and ninety steers were turned loose. Hawk Head and Big Horse, reliable Indian policemen, have reached the agency with news that their families have been stolen by a band of 200 Indians that had deserted from Rosebud two hours before, and had rushed off to join 1,300 Indians descended on the agency. They had only 10 miles west of the Pine Ridge Agency. When Hawk Head and Big Horse discovered their families were missing, they immediately set out in pursuit of the deserters. The latter refused to give up the families. The police begged and entreated the deserters to give them back their wives and children, but they only got cursing and threats of their lives. Juries that got away from the band members of the latter said:

"Go tell the soldiers at Pine Ridge that we are part of 1,300 other Rosebud Indians now near Pine Ridge, and from now on we are going to kill every white person we meet, and if the soldiers come we are ready for them."

It is predicted by the correspondent that within thirty-six hours troops will be ordered to disarm or shoot down the marauders, and when the troops do start after them the end will be no Custer affair. A move will undoubtedly be made under cover of darkness and by a forced march. The attack and finish will both occur between the rising sun and setting sun tomorrow. The scene of the action will be some fifteen or twenty miles northeast of the agency.

—*See Indians in Pine Ridge.*

WASHERSBURG, November 28th.—Acting Indian Commissioner Bolt to-day received a telegram from Agent Dixon, at the Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota, saying that none of his Indians have yet been dancing. A small band of Lower Brule, near the Rosebud Reservation, have been dancing, and he has dispatched a force of police and said to stop it. He has also called home all the Indians, having passes to leave the Reservation, and says he considers it impossible to be surprised in any outbreak.

—*See Indians in Pine Ridge.*

REPORT DISCREDITED.

BERESFORD (S. D.), November 28th.—Much excitement was created here this morning by a report brought in by a stranger that Indians were at Pierpont and Langford, and that the town of Pierpont had been burned. Later in the afternoon it was learned that the whole thing was a scare, and the reported burning of Pierpont is discredit.

BREAKING UP THE DANCES.

CHAMBERLAIN (S. D.), November 28th.—The race started in to break up the ghost dances, and to-day eight of the leading dances are in jail at the agency. Another dance is reported as organizing for to-night, and the police are ready for it. Affairs were lively for a time, but the police are too much for the new adherents of the Messiah craze. No danger of an outbreak is feared.

INDIANS NOT YET UNDER CONTROL.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, November 28th.—Little Wound is in, and reports his camp to be in the interior of the reservation of peace. The cavalry expect an order to march to-night on the Rosebud camp, and the Forepinne, although General Brooke is reported to be in favor of waiting until the Sixth Cavalry reaches Fort Meade, and troops can be placed at Forest City, above Pierpont.

SITTING BULL DETERMINED TO FIGHT.

MANDAN, November 28th.—Word comes from Sitting Bull's camp from different sources that he is dancing his men more vigorously than ever, and is compelling the chiefs to join in the dance. He is reported to be more than ever determined to fight than ever. This afternoon two cavalry regiments arrived from Fort Custer and proceeded to Fort Yates.

ASSIGNMENT.

JAMISON & CO. UNABLE to Realize on Their Assets.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28th.—The failure of R. K. Jamison & Co., bankers and brokers, was announced on the Stock Exchange this afternoon. The firm closed its doors and made an assignment to Samuel Justine Thomson. No statement of the liabilities or assets is yet made. The suspension resulted from the failure of the firm to realize upon its assets. It had been making a good record, but the market was in a shaky condition through the stringency of the money market, coupled with the failure of Barker Brothers & Co., but there were hopes that financial relief would come in time to avoid suspension. Wednesday, at the close of business, it was said this association would be available this morning, and business would be as usual, as it was believed the trouble had been passed.

TWO THOUSAND SHARES SOLD ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE THIS AFTERNOON FOR THE ACCOUNT OF JAMISON & CO. THE FIRM ALWAYS HAD A HIGH REPUTATION, AND THE OPINION IS THAT THIS AFTERNOON THE FAILURE WILL NOT BE A BAD ONE, AS THE BANKS AND INSTITUTIONS WILL BE SERIOUSLY AFFECTED. THE FIRM WAS THE PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT OF A LARGE NUMBER OF COUNTRY BANKS, AND IT IS SAID FAILURE WAS Hastened "in some degree by these institutions calling in loans to the firm and closing accounts in consequence of the present stress in financial circles."

IT IS NOT CONSIDERABLE IN THE ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS MORTGAGE AND TRUST COMPANY, WHICH WAS ORGANIZED LAST YEAR. THE FIRM HAS BEEN TRYING TO EXTRACT ITSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY. DURING THE MONEY SQUEEZE IN AUGUST IT CAME VERY NEAR GOING UNDER, BUT WAS BILLED OUT AND ENABLED TO GO ON. FOR SOME TIME PAST THE BANKERS HAVE AVOIDED TRANSACTIONS WITH JAMISON & CO., BELIEVING THE FIRM HAD TOO MUCH MONEY TIED UP IN OUTSIDE ENTERPRISES.

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM SAID THIS EVENING THAT HE COULD NOT MAKE A STATEMENT, BUT IT PUSHED BY THEIR CREDITORS THEY WOULD PROBABLY NOT BE ABLE TO RESUME. BY OUTSIDE PEOPLE THE LIABILITIES ARE VARIOUSLY ESTIMATED FROM HALF A MILLION TO A MILLION.

FATAL FIRE.

FIVE MEN LOSE THEIR LIVES ON A BURNING STEAMER.

NEW ORLEANS, November 28th.—A telephone from Bayou Sara gives the following particulars of the loss of the steamer T. P. Leathers yesterday, near Fort Adams, Miss. The fire was first discovered amidships on the starboard side, in a pile of sacks of cotton seed surrounded by tiers of cotton in bales. The boat was in the mid-stream and underway.

THE FIRE HAD GOT HOLD UPON THE INFAMOUS MATERIAL THAT TO EXTINGUISH IT WAS OUT OF THE QUESTION, SO THE CAPTAIN ORDERED THE BOAT TO BE HEADED FOR THE LANDINGS.

THE PASSENGERS AND CREW RAM THE BURNING VESSEL CRAZED WITH TERROR.

THE PEOPLE GATHERED ON THE FRONT DECK, TO BE AS NEAR THE SHORE AS POSSIBLE, AND WAITED AS LONG AS THEY COULD WITH SAFETY.

CHARLES WENCH WAS THE FIRST WITNESS

while the steamer was being driven in under full steam. As the boat neared the bank, those of the roustabouts who could swim began to drop into the river, and before the boat was within a hundred yards of the land the water around her was black with struggling men.

The officers of the boat stood at their posts and did all they could to prevent the frightened passengers from jumping into the river.

When the boat got within a few hundred feet of the bank, everyone tried to jump so fast that was impossible to stay there, and all on board were compelled to jump for their lives. Most of them were provided with life-preservers, and it is believed all those who waited until the last minute to jump, got safely to shore.

Lucky Hill, the first chummed, jumped from the cabin deck, and broke a leg. The officers of the boat stood at their posts and did all they could to prevent the frightened passengers from jumping into the river.

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FREE COINAGE.

AN ENDORSE WHI IS MADE TO PASS A BILL.

NEW YORK, November 28th.—The *Commercial Bulletin*'s Washington special says: The free coinage advocates are determined to win if they can, and will be able to do so, but the Senator or Senator or Tellier gave a provision for free coinage as an amendment to one of the regular appropriation bills. It would lead to a sharp contest and possibly an extra session, but the attempt is more than likely to be made.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency add their voices to the free coinage movement.

Clement Portea, a Mexican, was the steward. Portea said: "I resided at New Year's Dances." I stayed over Saturday night. I arrived there at about 2 p.m. and staid until Monday morning. I got up early and went to Merced Falls. I stopped there awhile, and the news came that Ivett was dead. I did not notice anything to be disturbed until the Coroner came. I left everything as we found it, except blowing out the lamp. I did not notice a piece of whipling under Ivett."

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WITNESS TESTIFIED.

GUTTERIDGE, November 28th.—The races resulted as follows:

Seven-eighths of a mile, Ben Harrison won. Gannymede second. Kyrie B. third. Time, 1:39.

Five-eighths of a mile, Planter won. Young Duke second. Cora Tanner third. Time, 1:23.

One mile, Masterlode won. St. James second. Jack Rose third. Time, 1:42.

THE NEW YORK CENSUS.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28th.—A special from Washington to the *Telegraph* says: The Census Office is now engaged in adding up the returns for New York, and an astonishing result will be produced.

The correspondence assuring the final calculation will show 125,000 people more in New York city than announced in Superintendent Porter's "unofficial" circular.

The correspondent adds: "In other words, the announcement upon which the apportionment is expected to be made is that the count of the census enumerators showed.

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE, Lizzie, Time, 1:17.

ONE AND ONE-SIXTEENTH MILES, Prince James won. Blue Jeans second. Badge third. Time, 1:49.

THREE-SIXTEENTHS OF A MILE, Varde won. Mamie B. second. Autocrat third. Time, 1:23.

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NEW YORK, November 28th.—The race was won by Ben Harrison, and was followed by Gannymede, Kyrie B., and Planter.

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILE, Young Grace, Time, 1:17.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890

ISSUED BY THE  
SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,  
Published six days in each week, with Double  
Sheet on Saturdays, andTHE SUNDAY UNION,  
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and Houses, and the market-street Ferry.Also for sale on all Trains leaving and  
coming into Sacramento.

Weather Forecast.

Forecast till 8 P.M. Friday: For Northern  
California—Fair weather; cooler at San Fran-

cisco.

LIGHT BREAKING ON THE TARIFF  
QUESTION.The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Re-  
publican of which no one can question, has the courage to say that while it is barely possible if that great mistake, the McKinley bill, had passed six months earlier, the Republican party would not have been so roughly handled on the 4th instant, yet there is reason to believe "that a more prolonged discussion of certain features of the measure would have increased the number of worms in our lettuce."The *Globe-Democrat* is profoundly wise in that suggestion, though cautiously expressing itself. Our idea is that it was well the storm broke when it did—had it been more aged the catastrophe would have been irretrievable. The truth is there is no use whatever in laboriously defending the McKinley bill on the ground that it had no immediate legitimate effect on prices to raise them; that really in the future it would have lowered them. The fact remains that prices did advance, and with a rush that people did not misjudge. They believe that, if all excuses are admitted in defense of the measure, the "domestic competition," as the friends of the bill term it, tended to create raised prices without any guarantee that it would lower them. One of the best evidences of the soundness of this judgment of the people is found in the fact that Republican Congressmen are already formulating amendments and palliatives; and some are preparing remedies "to correct," as they put it, the rise in prices that was inevitable if the bill was to retain at all the character of a high-tariff measure. That is to say, the very "domestic competition" that the party was led to believe the bill would stimulate, and which was the most lauded virtue of the Act, is now to be "corrected."The only corrective that can be applied, and not destroy the protective principle wholly, nor yet go over to the extreme of free trade, is reciprocity. And to this temper the American people are coming. The Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, one of the stillest of Republican papers in the West, declares that in its section the intelligence of the voters is upon a high plane; it is a district of voters of strong independence and calm thinking. In that district Judge Reed, who was elected to Congress two years ago by an immense majority, and who is personally popular with the people and highly esteemed by men of all parties, on the 4th inst. was overwhelmingly defeated because of his enthusiastic support of the McKinley bill.

Says our contemporary, the nature and cause of this defeat admits of no manner of doubt. This is testimony that might be repeated in scores of districts, and accentuates sharply the judgment of the people as a whole that the tariff bill was a huge blunder, that Mr. Blaine realized it, and threw himself into the breach to save the situation, but too late.

The reciprocity doctrine, however, which he unwisely sought to limit to interchange with the Latin-American States only, will be taken up by the Republican party whether its leaders in Congress wish it or not, and will be applied to the whole line of commerce, no matter what the nation with which we deal. This, because a reciprocal policy is a protective policy, for by it we protect our export trade by the relation we maintain that will give us the best showing in their markets. We want the very best for our money, and we will trade with nations that give our products the best advantage, in exchange for similar advantage granted them in our market for products we do not produce to the best advantage.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND THE  
SCHOOLS.

The Farmers' Alliance, we have said, represents an influence from which there is not reason to fear as there would be if some other special interest organized for political purposes. The agriculturists represent, as a rule, a conservative class that stands peculiarly for the home and for policies that in the main are in line with genuine reforms. This new organization, in short, is to be commended because its activity is in the direction of the restoration of political power to the people, that has been usurped by the few.

We have glanced at some of the declarations of principles enumerated by the recent Alliance Convention at San Jose. Among others not before referred to, is an article of faith that pronounces with emphasis for the maintenance of the pres-

ent public school system. It may be said that any political organization would make a similar declaration, and that all have repeatedly so expressed themselves. But it is well known that there are agencies actively engaged in the propagation of doctrines which assail the fundamental principles upon which the school system rests.

One of the open and most pronounced and dangerous of these assaults took form early in the present year in Wisconsin. In that State church and party have united to deny the right of the State to require the English language to be taught in the schools. "If," say the promoters of this opposition, which is officiated by priests, "the State can say what shall be taught in the schools, it may say what shall not be." And while this is viewed by the opposition as conclusive of the justice of their cause, the friends of the common school system accept the declaration as the truth, and boldly declare that the power to inhibit certain teachings in the public schools does reside in the State, and that such power is substructural of the whole system, is fortified by justice and inseparable from free government. It is therefore gratifying to find the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union unhesitatingly, and with this issue squarely before it, declaring for the school system as it is, and asserting that it "shall be maintained."

The party that openly or by indirection shall take issue with this declaration will write its own death warrant. The Farmers' Alliance is in touch with the national heart upon this question.

## SOUND DECISIONS.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* is endeavoring laboriously to show that the Supreme Court of the United States did not know what it was talking about, when it decided the laundry ordinance and the liquor ordinance cases. It befores the question, as usual with it, by attempting to attack the personality of one of the Justices to the two decisions.

Now the truth is that the entire bench concurred in the interpretation of the law. The decision, therefore, is not the personal view of one of the Judges. The Supreme Court holds that the liquor traffic is a business falling properly within the police powers of municipalities and communities to regulate and restrict. It is, therefore licensed, and reasonable conditions may be attached to the grant of the license, and even license refused wholly.

But in the laundry ordinance case the fact was, and the Supreme Court so declared it, that discrimination was made, intended to be made, not because of the business, not because of the character of the business, but because of the classes of people engaged in it. The discrimination was against Chinese, and it was intended so to be. Moreover, unlike the liquor traffic, the business of laundrying is harmless in itself and useful to the community—indeed, an absolute necessity.

But the ordinance attempted to vest in the Supervisors the absolute and unlimited power to permit or refuse to permit the business of laundrying to be carried on. The discretion thus sought to be lodged in the Supervisors was to be exercised for the purpose of depriving one person of a privilege granted to another because of the nationality of the applicant.

There is not, as we view it, any inconsistency in the position of the Supreme Court in these cases. As a matter of fact, the Justice who wrote the opinion in the liquor license case enunciated a well-known and ancient principle of the law. When twenty-five years ago he sat upon the Supreme Bench of California he voiced the same doctrine of the law, and if the *Chronicle* is solicitous to ascertain the facts it will find the California Reports well loaded with decisions of precisely the same character, in which the rule of law is clearly laid down, and is the same as that the full bench of the Supreme Court of the United States now pronounces.

NO CHANGE IN COUNTY CLASSIFICATION.

The idea has been put about that by reason of the gain in census population the raising of Sacramento county to the grade of the third class and an increase in the salary list for county officials follows, provided the official announcement of the census operates to that end, without action by the Legislature announcing a new classification.

ANCIENT ENGINEERING.

Some Feats that Would Prove Too Much  
for the Modern Engineers.

The hard mechanical training necessary for an engineer of the present day disengages him to spend his scanty leisure in studies which cannot be turned to account. The result is that he conscientiously believes his art to be the special flower and glory of the age—in which he is not altogether wrong; but beyond that he regards all earlier feats of engineering as unworthy of serious discussion. And again, as it were, with less excuse, enunciates this view:

"It is waste of time to ask him why the howls of Stonehenge were conveyed to their resting place; how the walls of Fiesole or Mycenæ were built; these marvels represent the power which lies in the brute force of multitudes, and there's an end of the question. Engineering now is an art and a science, with which the rude work of the savage has no sort of connection. One must not inquire why he takes it for granted that Stonehenge, for example, was built by savages, where the brute multitude came from, how they subsisted on Salisbury Plain, or why it is necessary to assume that they were unacquainted with mechanics. All that is chose jingle—beyond dispute. If you cite records of antiquity which tell of works of art, it is plain that fact alone is proof that the record is a lie; for how can it possibly be that mere Greeks and Romans should have been able to do what the builders of the Eiffel Tower and the Forth bridge could not accomplish?"

It is therefore perfectly clear that the Legislature intended to make and did make a permanent classification, and adopted the standard of ascertainment the census of 1880. As the Legislature passed the bill for the very purpose of settling the question and making a permanent classification upon a given statistical basis, it is undeniable that it accomplished its aim, and that nothing but new legislation can change the classification, for the Act of March, 1880, expressly states that its purpose is to amend the County Government Acts of 1883, 1885 and 1887.

A FRENCH nobleman responded to the inquiry, of what did his brother die: "Of having nothing to do!" The sudden collapse of many of the busy men of this day may be attributed to precisely the opposite cause, "of having too much to do." This is not only an age of hurry, it is an age of worry. In

the drive of our day we rush and worry until the vital energies, overtaxed and kept under whip and spur, fail us, and at the very time of life when they should be strongest and most vigorous. We want in this day the preaching and doing of Herbert Spencer's Gospel of Rest. American nerves stand no greater strain than those of Europeans, but they fail sooner. We go to wreck when the deliberative European is just entering upon his years of rest, and life's rational pleasures. Hard work good for man; employment is an elixir of life. But hard work should be the slave not the master. Americans, however, are greatly ruled by it; business gives nature too little rest; we tramp the unvarying round of the treadmill, not with deliberation, but with nervous energy, as if the end were forever escaping us. We take "the shop" home with us, to bed with us, and into our dreams it intrudes. We deem it loss to get out of the groove and lay aside for a day or for an hour or two the grind of the office and the busy mart. So at last the human machine gives out, gives out "all at once," and every part falls down with equal suddenness. There are two causes, and only two for the collapse of the men of great physical capacity and mental energy—too much and too little rest—that is to say, too much and too little laying aside of the daily vocation, too much and too little of withdrawal from the world of business into the restfulness of agreeable companionship or chosen avocation.

Let all the world command Dr. Koch, the great German medical scientist. By request he sent some of the lymph he is propagating for the cure of consumption to two brother physicians, Cornet and Dengel. They proceeded to speculate upon it, and charged a patient 500 marks for a single injection of the lymph. Thereupon Dr. Koch announces that these doctors shall not again be supplied with the matter. In other words, Dr. Koch is working for a great good, to discover a specific for a dreadful disease. His researches are as yet incomplete, and his purpose in pursuing them is to add new value to the healing art, in the interest of humanity. When, therefore, he finds fellow-physicians speculating upon the results of his labor and devotion to science he justly becomes indignant. The world will applaud his spirit, and now give him new honor for his unselfishness and his labors in the interest of suffering human beings, and for his sharp rebuke to the spirit of speculation.

The liberal and cordially pronounced manner in which President Harrison is entertaining the officers of the Brazilian squadron now visiting the United States is very pleasing to all the people and is worthy of the guests. The fleet is the first that Brazil has floated in the waters of the United States since Brazil became a republic. It is therefore peculiarly fitting that special honors should be shown to the visitors, and the friendship the great republic of the north continent has for the great republic of the south continent is manifested in the extension of social honors, and in solicitude to make the visitors feel that they are now among a people in deep sympathy with the cause of the newest of all the republics.

Pliny tells how Metellus Seurus, while, built a wondrous edifice, which stirred his rival, C. Curio, to frantic jealousy. It may be worth while in passing—since we are all so much interested in the theater nowadays, and think so much of our new ones—to tell what sort of a building that was which Curio set himself to outdo. It had 300 columns, each 38 feet high and 33 feet apart. About 2,000 bronze statues stood among them. The stage had three floors, as was usual, the lowest paved and fitted with marble, the second with glass, the third gilded, boards and all. It held 30,000 people. This account will seem so fabulous to steady-going Britons that it is prudent to give chapter and verse. The description will be found, with curious details and passionate reflections, on the luxury of the day, in "Pliny's Natural History," xxxiii, 24. Such was the wonder which Curio resolved to beat, and, feeling himself unable to vie in outline, he summoned the engineers of the period to design something which would "fetch" the public. They built two enormous theaters of wood, each to contain an audience of 25,000, which stood back to back.

Theaters were built in the same style in the Forum, and Curio was chafed, no doubt, on the issue of the attempt to exceed *Sacra*. But the audience returned in the afternoon, for these entertainments were devoted to the names of Curio's father, and last a month. In the place of two theaters, back to back, they found an amphitheater holding 80,000 persons, wherein gladiators and wild beasts contended until dewey eve. The two great buildings had been swung around and united; and day by day for the month following this colossal day was repeated. The perfervid indignation of Pliny could not make him altogether indifferent to the ingenuity of the thing. The fact is, in brief, that those who know what the ancient engineers did, with their imperfect means, feel a qualified admiration for the works of the moderns. If Archimedes or Stasimachos had been acquainted with the forces and the laws with which every old woman is familiar in these days, they would have changed the face of the earth and the destinies of mankind.

The Presidential Succession.

The speaker of the House of Representatives is not now in the line of succession. About five years ago a law popularly called the Presidential Succession Act was passed, which provided that in the event of the death, removal, resignation, or inability of the President to serve, when there were no Vice-President, the Speaker of the House would succeed.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN NOT AFRAID OF WORK, a stable boy, to help with the care of horses, and to learn to drive carriage.

WANTED—LAST SATURDAY, CHILD'S BRACELET, lost between Sacramento Market and tenth and M Streets. Finder will please leave the same at Sacramento Market and be rewarded.

WANTED—A PARTNER FOR BUSINESS reasons, to have a one-half interest in a general store, located in the city of Coloma, El Dorado County; price, \$11.50 per acre—rare bargain. Inquire of W. T. HEUSON, Placerville.

WANTED—COOK AND GENERAL HOUSEKEEPER.

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## THE GLACKEN-MERKE TRAGEDY.

GLACKEN AND FISHER ONCE MORE CHARGED WITH MURDER.

A Chinaman Who Claims to Have Witnessed the Affair, Says They Were the Aggressors.

John J. Glacken and Charles Fisher were before Justice of the Peace Devine yesterday, having been arrested on the complaint of Mrs. Antone R. Menke, who charges them with the murder of her husband. The circumstances of the affray between the deceased and Glacken (his brother-in-law) and Fisher, now Brighton, on the 15th of September last, resulting in the former's death, are familiar to the public. The testimony taken before the Coroner's inquest was to the effect that Menke was the aggressor, that Glacken was wounded and shot in self-defense, and that Fisher was also shot by Menke while endeavoring to protect Glacken.

Mrs. Menke, however, renewed the charge of murder against Glacken and Fisher on the 7th of this month, and the District Attorney instituted a further inquiry into the circumstances of the case before directing to issue the warrant for their arrest.

The result was that warrants were made out for the arrest of Glacken and Fisher, but owing to the latter's feeble condition they were not served until yesterday. The new testimony on which the District Attorney deemed it his duty to issue the warrant was that of Chinaman named Ah Mun. He stated that he was walking along the railroad, and was near the scene of the difficulty when it occurred; that he saw Menke meet Glacken and Fisher in the road; that Glacken told Menke he was going to kill him; that Fisher pulled Menke out of his car; when he was shot, Fisher, who can run some distance lay down; that Glacken shot twice at Menke, and the latter then shot Glacken, who walked away and lay down. Wagons were then seen approaching, and the witness left.

Ah Mun did not know the parties but described them as two men (Glacken and Fisher) occupying one car, and one man (Menke) another.

Fisher was not able to leave the County Hospital until yesterday, and is still very feeble. He and Glacken appeared before Justice Devine accompanied by their counsel, Grove L. Johnson, who waived the reading of the complaint. When the question arose as to whether or not a date for trial should be set, Assistant Attorney Bruner said that in a conversation with Justice Devine the latter had expressed a doubt as to his authority to admit to bail, pending the examination, a person charged with murder. He further remarked that certain depositions had been added to the complaint.

Mr. Johnson explained his surprise at this statement, claiming that the defense should have been notified thereof.

Mr. Bruner contended that the proceedings had been perfectly regular and proper under the circumstances, the complainant relying upon information and belief only.

Mr. Johnson responded that this was the first intimation he had had of any objection to bail, and that he had informed his clients to bail pending the examination. He did not think they had been treated fairly, but were ready to give any amount of bail that might be required. He then read the depositions referred to, signed by William and George Lane, Thomas O'Brien and the Chinaman whose statements is given above.

As an offset to these, Mr. Johnson read the testimony taken at the Coroner's inquest, and insisted that it was both the privilege and the duty of the Court to admit Glacken to bail. As for Fisher, he would have to remain at the hospital, under the charge of Dr. White.

Mr. Bruner said that the question of bail and release only came yesterday. Personally, he would be pleased to have Glacken admitted to bail, but further than that he could not go, and preferred to have the Court act on its own responsibility. The only question was, Could the Court allow bail?

There was some further discussion over the matter, and Justice Devine agreed to receive bail for half an hour in order to give him an opportunity to consider the matter.

On reassembling, Justice Devine announced that he could see no obstacle in the way of allowing the accused to be liberated on bail.

Mr. Bruner said he preferred not to name his client, and had no objection to the Court doing so.

Bail was therupon fixed in the sum of \$20,000 each. Glacken gave as his bonds: Mr. George L. Johnson and C. C. Brown, in the sum of \$10,000 each, and Charles Heisen in the sum of \$20,000. These gentlemen qualified at once, and Glacken was allowed to go. Fisher was returned to the hospital.

Justice Devine named Thursday, December 4th, as the date for the examination.

## LEFT HER HOME.

A Husband Advertises His Runaway Wife in a Unique Way.

A man, who lives in a village in an adjoining county, has notified the police here to look out for his wife, who he says has run away and taken their two children with her.

The husband then gives an alleged description of the mother—from which it would appear that she is 26 years old, and everything that is homely, beside being nervous and hysterical—and concludes by saying that he doesn't want her, but does want the children.

It is just possible, if not probable, that a few bold words in this way would do the trick, but this same individual, as he promised to protect her through good and evil report, did not regard her as such an ugly creature as she is now depicted, and that she was not nervous and hysterical, as now.

The lady's version of the trouble which caused her to run away, yet get herself well established, nor has she favored the public with a pen-picture of her husband.

Until this is done it will be difficult for strangers to determine who is to blame for her flight with her children.

## IT WAS NOT A BASEBALL.

Short-Stop Daly Tries a New Role, and Comes to Grief.

A large black horse dashed through Seventh street yesterday with a double-seated family carriage flying at his heels. Turning into K street he fell on the pavement, but was soon again on his feet and pursuing his headlong course.

John Daly, the baseball short-stop, was near the corner of Sixth street when the horse reached that point, and thinking he saw a chance for a brilliant play, ran after the animal. The horse had seized his bridle, and Daly could not secure a hold of him.

The result was that he was thrown down, the wheels of the carriage passing over him. His injuries, although not serious, were painful, and necessitated his being taken to his room.

## VANTINE'S SPREE.

It Results in Using Up a Valuable Livery Stable Animal.

A complaint was sworn to yesterday by J. N. Norworthy, proprietor of the Central street stables, charging John Vantine with cruelty to a horse belonging to the complainant. According to Norworthy's story, Vantine came to the stables on Thursday evening and stated that the proprietor of the State House Hotel wanted a horse and buggy to go down the river to a milk ranch. The rig was given to Vantine, whom the proprietor of the stable thought was one of the waiters in the hotel.

Later the same night the horse was returned, but nearly dead from exhaustion, and after being unchained was unable to stand on its feet. Norworthy believes

Vantine gathered some companions of his in the buggy and then started out on a spree, during which the poor horse was treated most brutally.

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LEAVE YOUR CHILDREN WITH US.

Rev. Dr. Herrick Tells of the Wonders and Grandeur of the North.

Rev. A. C. Herrick gave one of his entertaining illustrated lectures at the Congregational Church last evening. It was the beauties and resources of Alaska, and the grandeur of Yellowstone Park, Yosemite and the Big Trees. The church was well filled, and the audience listened attentively to a very instructive lecture, in which the speaker was greatly aided by magnificient views thrown on a large canvas by an electro-optic.

The speaker's lecture was a full one. San Francisco, by steamer to the northern part of Alaska was exceedingly interesting. The town of Sitka, the Indian huts, fort, schools, immense glaciers—including the famous one named after John Muir—and the seal fisheries, were all shown on the canvas and described by the lecturer. One of the views showed the steamer Ancon which was well filled, and the audience listened attentively to a very instructive lecture, in which the speaker was greatly aided by magnificient views thrown on a large canvas by an electro-optic.

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## THE TIME OF VINTAGE.

WINE-MAKING IN THE DISTRICTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

The Champagne Country—Treading the Wine Press—Processes of Manufacture.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Vine-growing is among the most ancient of agricultural operations. Almost the first incident related as occurring after the flood is that of Noah and his wine, and there is no reason to believe that the unfortunate experience of the second father of all mankind deterred any of his descendants from partaking of the juice of the grape which proved for himself and for his son Ham so unfortunate a dose. Vineyards were common throughout most parts of the East, and so fine was the product of the vine in Palestine, we are assured by the sacred writers, that the bunches of grapes brought from the Promised Land by the Jewish spies, for the inspection of Joshua, were so large that two men were required to carry a single cluster. Palestine was described to the longing Hebrews a land of corn and wine, a land of orchards and vineyards, and as the culture of the grape proved so successful there it is not remarkable that it was spread by the Phoenicians to Western Europe. It antedated the earliest Roman times, for no Latin chronicle is so ancient as to lack mention of the grape and its juice.

The soil of Italy proved singularly favorable to the growth of the vine. Vineyards were common even in the earliest days of Roman history, and the wine proved a strong temptation to the barbarians of Western Europe. Several invasions of Italy by the Gauls were attributed directly to the desire of both Gauls and Germans to possess themselves of the nectar of which an occasional cask found its way beyond the Alps. Neither Gauls nor Germans had wine, save the little that was imported. Both had intoxicants, however, for they made a sort of beer fermented grain and also a sort to distill from wild fruits a kind of brandy, to both of which the Italian wine was so superior that the reason given by Roman historians for the Gallic invasions seems to be means apocryphal.

The cultivation of grapes soon spread to France and Germany, and as early as the fourth century the wines of France far excelled those of Italy. There is a remarkable difference in the varieties of the vine; some are best suited to the hill-side, others to the plain, and ages of cultivation have produced kinds of grapes so varied in size, in fragrance, in appearance and in flavor as to seem like different fruits. These differences were as well known to the ancients as to ourselves, and Cato and Columella, writers on agricultural topics, in their treatises on the vine dwell largely on the different varieties of grapes. The grapes of the plain were good for one kind of wine, those of the hillside for another, and it is a singular fact in Italy, and to some extent also in France, the cheap wines are made from grapes which grow on the plains, the choice and high-priced from those growing on the mountains.

But the two writers already mentioned do not confine themselves solely to the agricultural feature, but in their works give minute particulars and detailed directions for the manufacture of the different kinds of wine, so that it would seem the process was quite as complicated 2,000 years ago as it is to-day. As many kinds of wine were known then, as now, and the different varieties are all enumerated by agricultural writers and poets, it is clear that the Falernian, which grew in the hills around the Bay of Naples. It must have been a strong wine for the taste of the first Falernian was to apply to it a lighted torch, and if it burned, the fact was regarded as evidence of its genuineness. The Pucino was highly praised by the poets, and was grown on the shores of the Adriatic, opposite to Dalmatia, and was regarded as preservative of life; the most noted example of its efficiency was the Empress Livia, who is said to have drunk as much as two gallons a day, and, in consequence, or perhaps in spite of, this indulgence, lived to be 82. But this was not exceptionally hard drinking among the people of her time, for wine was the common beverage then, as now, in Italy, and the consumption in certain districts per annum is said to exceed 100 gallons a year for each of the population.

The old Italian wines, however, would not have been to modern taste; many of them were boiled, and others so treated with sea water, medicinal herbs, spices and the like, that they must more nearly have resembled cordials than the modern wines. The percentage of alcohol in them was large; they were consequently strong, while the boiling utterly spoiled the bouquet, so important a factor in modern brands.

The wines of Italy are still good. The volcanic hillsides of the Apennines will produce a grape which yields a fine natural product, and the world, but the French excel in the art of manufacture, and so practically control the wine market of the globe. The champagne district is a territory in the heart of France, about 180 by 150 miles in extent. It is composed of hills and valleys the soil of which is exceedingly adapted to the cultivation of the vine, and there, too, the treatment of wine has acquired perfection. Old processes, simple but effective, have been handed down in families for hundreds of years. Originally learned from the monks, who, during the Middle Ages, made a specialty of the manufacture of wine, they have become family secrets. To these old methods have been added all the improvements suggested by modern chemistry. The reason of a process has become known, and frequently more effective ways have, by accident or design, been discovered. In addition, the capital of many of the wine-growers is sufficient to enable them to delay the maturing of the wine until the finest results are obtained, and consequently when their wine is put upon the market, there is a guarantee of its quality.

But the champagne district is not the only wine region of France. All the soil of the south is favorable to the cultivation of the vine, and most of it is given up to wine-growing. The department of the Gironde is famous for its wines, and some of the best qualities, both the Bordoux and the Medoc, are produced in the neighborhood of the Chateau Lafite, the name of which has become famous through a certain brand of especially fine wine.

But France is not without rivals in North and Central Europe in the wine industry, for there are several districts of Germany which, although not so noted in the wine markets, yet produce wines of a quality equal in all respects but name to that of the best quarters of France. The valley of the Mosel is bordered by mountains once volcanic, and the disintegrated stone which forms the soil on these hillsides produces an excellent quality of grape, and so also with many districts of the Rhine. But several authorities on wine and wine-growing affirm that the difference between the French and German wine lies so much in the natural qualities of the grape so much as in the treatment. The German wines have no reputation in the markets, although perhaps they deserve it quite as much as do the best products of the French vineyards. There is also in some districts, particularly of the Mosel, a regulation which somewhat embarrasses the wine-grower. At a certain period of

the crop to ripen, and during this time, while the grapes are approaching maturity, not even the owner can enter his property without permission of the authorities, and even then he must be accompanied by an officer. This rule works hardly in some cases, for the grapes are allowed to attain a dead ripeness before the vintage begins, and different kinds of wine require different stages of maturity in the grape.

In every wine-producing country the vintage is a busy season, and the work goes on every day, including Sunday, until completed. From the towns and villages come swarms of grape-pickers, who consider it a pleasure to leave the factories and workshops for a few days or weeks in the open air. The occupation is healthy, and as the pickers are allowed to eat all they please the occupation is eagerly sought for. The healthfulness both of the food and of the employment is attested from the fact that they usually gain from five to twenty pounds in weight during the grape harvest. But they are not idle; their time is paid for, and even though the wages are small, the vigorous competition in Europe secures the employment of every moment. To save the labor of the pickers, the grapes are placed in baskets, wagons pass to and fro in the vineyard and the baskets are taken by vineyard loads to the wine press. Every vineyard, according to size, has one or more large presses vested in the floor, from which pipes lead either to other receptacles or to barrels placed for the reception of the juice. Sometimes the grapes are pressed by machinery, but more frequently are trodden now, as they were three centuries ago, by the feet of the peasants. Wine-treading is a distinct operation, requiring, it is said, care and experience in the treader. Having, if company be present, made a pretense of washing his feet, he enters the vat, begins at the outside, and treads round the vat, gradually approaching the center. The mingled mass of grapes and juice reaches to his knees, but still the treading goes on. The first juice that escapes is separated for the finer kinds of wine. That which afterward runs off is preserved for the inferior brands, while that which escapes after the pulp has been subjected to the action of the press forms the common varieties.

The juice is put in fermenting vessels and subsequently treated according to the private methods of the manufacturer. Each winemaker has his own method, and most of them make a point of keeping private their plan of dealing with the juice. Nearly all, however, change it from one barrel to another during the course of fermentation, five or six times a year, until the finished product is ready for sale.

The bottling is a delicate matter, especially with champagne. This wine is placed in bottles before the fermentation is finished, and if bottled too early the large quantity of gas will break the stoutest glass. All bottlers count on a certain percentage of bottles being broken and lost, and the best champagne that in which the largest amount of gas occurs.

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DRY GOODS—Principally joining at 4:30 p.m. 10c per lb. Brown Cottons, 4:30c; Bleached Cottons, 6:30c; Brown Sheetings and Shirtings, 11:30c.

DRUGS—We quote: Bi-carb Soda, \$1.05c; Causic Soda, \$2.50c; Sal Soda, \$1.05c for 50 lb. and \$1.15c for 100 lb. and \$1.25c for 200 lb. Ash, 4:30c; Crystal Soda, 4:30c for 50 lb. and \$1.05c for 100 lb. and \$1.25c for 200 lb.

DESICCATED COCONUT OIL—Schenk's is estimated as follows: 1 lb. 1 lb. paper, 1 lb. box, 2 lb. box, 5 lb. box, 10 lb. box, 20 lb. box, 50 lb. box, 100 lb. box, 200 lb. box, 500 lb. box, 1000 lb. box, 2000 lb. box.

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## UNDER A COLONNADE.

It was a day early in March. The dull gray sky and bitter east wind gave no foretaste of spring. Here in London, round every corner swept the pitiless icy blast. Beggars and crossing-sweepers gathered their rags more closely about them, while rich men, clad in heavy overcoats, cursed the climate and sought shelter in the well-warmed rooms of their clubs. Only those constrained by duty or poverty were abroad in the streets on such a day as this. Among this number were the sandwich-men, who paraded the streets with their customary slow and spiritless demeanor, with hang-dog looks and shuffling feet. One after the other the procession of these silent, depressed figures passed up or down the busiest thoroughfares. So many hours to keep going, so many weary steps to pace, for the munificent pay of eighteen pence a day. Day after day to carry about the tale of other people's pleasures, with their own woe and degradation eating like iron into their souls.

Truly, they earned enough to keep body and soul together; but in many of these cases it was better for the end to come quickly—better, ay, that they had never been born. Under the colonnade in Carlton street, a short cut from Regent street to the Haymarket, is a favorite resort of sandwich-men for the midday rest. In this un frequented little street they gather together silently, and for a short space the opposite boards are laid aside, and they sit or stand in comparative ease.

To-day many of them have found a warmer shelter within doors, but two, more wretched and ragged than the rest, are seated on the curb-stone.

They have removed their posters, which incline against the pillars. One placard is the advertising medium of cheap restaurant, and upon it is printed in large and attractive capitals, "Do you want a good dinner? Go to Johnson's 300 Strand." Upon the other poster, "Broken Down, Farical Comedy, Star Theater," seems a sarcastic comment on its bearer. There is little traffic in this side street, beyond the occasional footstep of a passenger hurrying through on some errand. There are no shops to attract idlers, and only dreary bed-chambers on the upper stories overlook the quiet street.

The men who sit patiently side by side on the curb-stone did not appear to be acquainted. Charlie had recently brought them together as near neighbors for the first time. Yet they were beyond curiosity—it seemed, as companions in misfortune mostly are, for neither looked at the other.

The older and more ragged man of the two was very thin and starved-looking. His hollow eyes looked out of a shrunk face, which, but for the unkempt beard, would have appeared like a piece of parchment stretched over a skull. He shivered from time to time so violently that his teeth chattered audibly.

"We'll bring a power of happiness into some man's home," The ready Irish wit never failed.

"I hope I may," said the girl betwix smiles and tears. "And when I am far away I shall often think of you and others"—here she glanced timidly towards the stranger—"I could do so little for you now."

"But for sure, we've done for you all kindness to me."

The girl's attention seemed somewhat attracted towards the silent figure leaning against the pillar, though the man gave no sign that he heard her words.

"This," she pointed to the other man, "is perhaps friend of yours, Tom? I have noticed him here before."

Then the inanimate form gave evidence of life. The gentleman in rags removed his cap, and the wild March wind caught the wisps of gray hair that hung disheveled about his neck. He was a sorry spectacle.

"We are all friends in misfortune, madam. It is Divines who has none," he said in answer to her speech to Kelly.

The girl turned eyes full of surprise inquiry upon him.

"You—you do not speak like?"—here she hesitated—"You—must have been

"A gentleman," interposed Tom. With the faint flicker of a smile the gentleman replaced his cap.

"I have been," he said laconically.

No one liked to break the silence after that. It was vain to offer pity. The calamity of fallen fortunes and estate was beyond all remedy now. Soon the lady addressed Tom once more.

"Be sure, sir, I've forgiven ye that thrife. The look of the thing was against me, and 'tis all so long ago." He smiled in a dreamy way.

Kelly had begun to think his companion was a bit mad. The short, sharp replies, the unmeasurings laughter, and the attempt of his own beggary and wretchedness to hint that his old office was somewhat distraught. It was an uncommon experience to meet with half-witted sandwich-men, harmless enough, and capable of carrying boards as directed, but withal with some important screw loose.

While Kelly sat reflecting on the strange meeting, half doubtful that life still held anything surprising for him, another passenger drew near unnoticed. The newcomer was a young man with quick, firm tread and a strong, resolute face.

"Good-day, my men. Not got a crust between you this dinner-time? Have either of you seen a young lad pass this way? She is tall and slight, and she wears a gray dress."

"My name is Kate," she said simply.

"Sure and it was my mother's name—my child's name too."

"Now I must be going. Some one will wait for me." The girl touched the soiled and hardened hand with her own soft one.

"God bless ye, Kate!" said the poor sandwich man, with his eyes following her departing steps.

"Good-by!" said Kate softly, looking over her shoulder and waving her hand as she retired.

The sheet had now begun to fall—a shower shower, which was driven in gusts under the colonnade. The older sandwich man was at last constrained to retire from the support of the pillar. He looked at the soldier with a curious gaze as he drew near to him.

"Your name is Thomas Kelly," he said suddenly. An angry gleam passed over the old soldier's face.

"Whist! man! don't ye cry it so loud?"

"You are greatly changed. I should not have known you if you had not named your regiment."

And this man was now solitary beneath the colonnade, occupied in tossing the coin so lately belted upon him. Evidently the ruling passion was still strong, for he pursued his game of chance with so much attention that he did not hear any approach. When the donor touched him on the shoulder, he turned his gaunt face sharply, like a dog sent to snap. "Have you come to ask for your money back?"

"There's no need for you to hurry to me," said the girl. "I've got all the time in the world for you."

"I've seen you any drill left in me?"

For a moment he straightened himself and made a pantomimic gesture of saluting.

"Were you ever in active service?"

With an animated gesture the old soldier swore a big oath, saying, "I've sent a few piggies to kingdom come." Then, with a more dejected air, "But 'tis twenty years since I left the regiment; it was soon after the New Zealand war."

The gentleman in rags looked more closely at him, saying quickly, "The New Zealand war—were you there?"

"Troth and I was. See my game leg?"

"Who, in the devil's name, may ye be?"

The wicked parchment face looked steadily down on the poor wretch recalled to recollection of his past.

"You were a man in my company. I made you my servant, and you were convicted of stealing the mess monies from my charge."

In trembling tones Kelly made answer, "I well know ye."

The other man laid a hand on his shoulder, saying, "Am I right? Was this charge brought against you?"

Kelly, staggering back a little, leaned against the wall. A passing boy-hoy looked curiously at this ill-sorted pair, who appeared to be holding a strange argument.

"Right ye are," said the old soldier faintly, "but I do not know ye, ye limb of Satan!"

The man smiled with a curious sort of satisfaction.

"Am I, then, so utterly charged?"

Something in his tone must have recalled the past to Kelly's clouded memory, for he crept nearer along the wall till he could peer closely in his companion's face.

"My God! Don't ye never say it? Ye are—ye were—"

The superior officer pushed back his cap, and in the private eyes there dawned a slow recognition.

"I was Robert Dasborough—your Captain years ago."

At this moment a lady appeared at the end of the short street. She was young

and graceful, and had a quick, light step. She came along the pavement straight towards the sandwich-men, smiling all the time. She was neatly though poorly dressed. The old soldier, hearing a footstep, stretched his head to look around the protection of his pillar. He rose to his feet as quickly as he could on recognizing the lady.

"Bless the saints, she's come agen!"

"Who is she?" said the other man indefinitely.

"She's an angel of light to some of us poor devils. Many a sixpence she has dropped into my hand at this very corner, and many a kind word, worth more than gold, she has spoke. None of us ain't too shabby or too poor for her to take notice of."

The girl was quite near them now, and advanced with a look of bright happiness upon her face.

"Good morning, Tom. So you're at work again. I have missed you on your usual beat lately. Have you been ill?"

"An' fair, miss, it's the old wound in my leg that's broke out again!" Here he shook himself as if impatient of her question. "But there's a kick left in the old horse, and I'll die in harness if I can."

The girl sighed and for a moment her eyes rested on the silent figure leaning upon the pillar.

"How brave you are! The Captain cracked his knuckles.

"Right ye are! The Captain cracked his knuckles.

"The voice went on without ceasing.

"You, my servant, were charged by me with stealing some missing moneys, to you and I alone had access. You see, my man, I know all the details of your miserable story. The thief was brought home to you by circumstantial evidence, and you were convicted."

The wretched sinner listened to the history of his life with wild eyes and bloodless lips.

"And that sentence sent me down hill a bit. It ain't easy to live alongside rogues and villains in a jail for years without gettin' a taste for their sort of tricks."

The gentleman with the boards drew his cap over his eyes. His attitude implied complete indifference to what was going on near him.

"This is the last time I may see you, Tom. I came this way to-day, hoping to find you, so as to tell you I am going away to another country very soon. Perhaps you will miss me." A wistful glance was directed towards the worthless son, the broken-down soldier who had seen "trouble" and whom no man on God's wide earth regarded with friendly or compassionate looks.

"Bad news it is. Thin I shall never see your sweet face again?"

"I shall not need to teach any more, or to tell you how to governes." She paused, blushing a little. "I am going to have a home of my own—to be married."

"We'll bring a power of happiness into some man's home." The ready Irish wit never failed.

"I hope I may," said the girl betwix smiles and tears. "And when I am far away I shall often think of you and others"—here she glanced timidly towards the stranger—"I could do so little for you now."

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The man smiled

## IN FOREIGN LANDS.

The Irish Hierarchy Opposed to Parnell's Leadership.

## PARNELL DEFINES HIS POSITION.

He Will Not Resign Unless Forced To By a Vote of His Party.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

## IRELAND'S CAUSE.

The Irish Hierarchy Opposed to Parnell's Leadership.

LONDON, November 28th.—The Irish Catholic hierarchy is unanimous in its opinion that Parnell should retire from his position as the head of the Nationalist party. The rulers of the church in Ireland do not desire to appear as coercing the Catholic members of the House of Commons, but their opinion will be pronounced publicly if the Nationalist meeting next Monday attempts to whitewash Parnell.

Lord Randolph Churchill is hurrying to London from Italy, believing that the present crisis in political affairs will hasten the dissolution of Parliament.

A close friend of Parnell, who declared that Parnell regards the movement to expel him from the leadership as a Radical revenge for his support of the royal grants last summer, says that his statement can be supported by documentary evidence.

Parnell's friend considers that the Irish party, if relieved of its elements would not recover. Gladstone, he says, has had his revenge on the man he imprisoned in Kilmainham jail and who later compelled the Liberal leader to consider the demands of the Irish people. The mutiny against Parnell's leadership, the friend declares, was carefully planned.

Parnell's supporters complain that after the Nationalist meeting of Wednesday night the proceedings were sent privately to the Irish delegates in America. They assert that intrigues are on foot in the lobby of the House of Commons to draw away Dillon, O'Brien and other delegates from the side of Parnell.

The anti-Parnell members of the Nationalist party are more hopeful, and assert that private telegrams from Ireland show that the priests and the mass of the people support them. They claim that if Dillon and O'Brien throw in their lot with the Sexton and Healy forces against Parnell, as they are expected to do, the tide of opinion will turn in favor of the anti-Parnellites.

The manifesto which Parnell promised to issue to day dealing with all the questions involved in the present political crisis was made public this afternoon. It definitely settles that Parnell will not voluntarily retire from the leadership. His manifesto is of great length, and sets forth why, in Parnell's opinion, it would be disastrous to the best interests of the party for him to withdraw. Parnell does not make any concessions and appeals to the people of Ireland to sustain him in the stand he has taken.

## A JOURNAL'S ADVICE.

DUBLIN, November 28th.—The Freeman's Journal advocates that the Nationalists take no decisive steps in regard to the retention of Parnell at the head of the party, in order to allow matters to develop and give time enough to allow the opinion of Dillon, O'Brien, O'Connor and other National delegates now in America to be conveyed to the meeting by one of themselves in person.

The main point, the Journal contends, is that Ireland should preserve the efficiency of her own party. The English Radicals, it says, must take care of themselves and Ireland must mind her own business. It beseeches Gladstone to ignore the party of rebels and to make no arrangement of recognition, who are nothing without him. When he wins, it says, they will again crawl to his footstool. Continuing the Journal says: "Davitt should remember that when Parliament howled for his punishment Parnell stood up for him and faced the storm. When the nine days' work is done, he will be surprised that it ever entered into Irishman's head to dispose of his Captain at the most critical hour of a political combat."

## CANNASSING THE VOTE.

LONDON, November 28th.—A canvas has been conducted by members of the Parliamentary party opposed to Parnell's retention of the leadership, with a view of ascertaining how the vote is likely to go at Monday's meeting. The result was the securing of fifty-three members to vote against Parnell. Among them are Condie, Deep, John Dillon, Edward Fenton, Timothy Harrington, Timothy Healy, Maurice Healy, Justin McCarthy, J. X. O'Brien, Patrick O'Brien, J. O'Brien, Roche, Sexton, Sheehan, Sheely, Tanner and Welsh. The anti-Parnellites also rely upon the votes of William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, and others.

The adherents of Parnell, who have announced their intention to stick to the old leader, number twenty-three, namely, Blane Byrne, Henry Campbell, Conway, W. J. Corbet, G. J. Fitzgerald, Edward Harrington, Hayden, J. E. Kenny, W. A. MacDonald, McNeil, Maguire, Mahoney, J. P. Nolan, Joseph Nolan, John O'Connor, O'Kelly, Pinkerton, P. J. Power, Richard Power, John Redmond, William Redmond and Sheil.

## GRAVE DUTY BEFORE THEM.

DUBLIN, November 28th.—A letter published to-day by Archbishop Walsh declaims against a statement of his opinion in the Parnell case, until he has the opportunity to consult his Episcopal brethren. He says that next Monday's meeting of the Parliamentary party will result in a decision that will put upon the bishops of Ireland the grave duty of considering whether or not it will be their duty to continue in the party. The Irish Parliamentary party that confidence which, as a party, they felt justified in placing in it for the past.

## PARNELL'S ADDRESS.

LONDON, November 28th.—Parnell's manifesto to the Irish people which was issued to-night, is very lengthy. He begins by saying: "The integrity and independence of the section of the Irish Parliamentary party having been apparently sapped and destroyed by wire-pullers of the Liberal party, it has become necessary for us to leave the party, and, having given you knowledge which is in my possession, ask your judgment upon a matter which now solely devolves upon you to decide."

"A letter from Gladstone to Morley, written for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Irish party, and their leaders, and claiming for the Liberals and their leaders the right of veto upon the choice, is the immediate cause of this address, the purpose of which is to remind you and your Parliamentary representatives that Ireland considers the independence of her party as her only safeguard within the Constitution, and above and beyond all other considerations, and that that is in that letter repeated so insolently in many platforms, and in numbers of British newspapers, compels me to put before you information which, until now, has been solely in my possession, and which will enable you to understand the measure of loss with which you are threatened, unless you consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction."

Parnell thus writes at Hove, on the 28th November, as received from Gladstone, detailing of that gentleman and his colleagues of a proposal with regard to home rule in the event of the next general election favoring the Liberal party.

Upon the subject of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, Gladstone told him that in order to satisfy the public opinion it would be necessary to reduce the Irish representation from 103 to 32. Upon the settlement of the land question, Gladstone intimated that while he would renew his attempt to settle the

matter by Imperial legislation on the lines of the land purchase bill of 1886, he would not undertake to put any pressure upon his own side. A period of ten or twelve years was suggested as the limit of time during which the appointment of Judges and resident magistrates should be retained by the hands of the party.

"Every particle," says Parnell, "to use every legitimate influence to reconcile Irish public opinion to graduate the coming into force of the new privileges, and to the postponements necessary for English opinion with regard to constabulary control and judicial appointments; but I strongly dissented from the proposal to retain the services of members during the interval of probation, and pointed to the absence of any suitable prospect of a land settlement by either Parliament as a constitutional and overwhelming drag upon the prospects of permanent peace and prosperity in Ireland."

At the conclusion of the interview Parnell was informed that Gladstone and his colleagues agreed that silence should be preserved with regard to these points of difference. The absence of any provision for the settlement of the agrarian question, and of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders, Parnell says, filled him with concern and apprehension. On the introduction of the land-purchase bill by the Government, Morley conferred with him, having regard to the avowed absence of any policy on the part of the Liberals. Parnell strongly advised Morley against any direct challenge on the principle that the State aided the land purchase bill, and that we should direct our efforts on the second reading to the insertion of the principle of local control.

In this Parnell agreed with him, but was at the same time hampered by the extreme section of his party, led by Labouchere, and in a subsequent interview impressed upon Parnell the necessity of meeting the reading of the bill with a direct negative, and asked him to undertake the motion. "I agreed, on condition that it was not to attack the principle of the measure, but to confine myself to a criticism of the details," he thinks.

"I think," says Parnell, "that this was a false strategy, but it was strategy adopted out of regard to English prejudices and radical peculiarities. I did the best possible under the circumstances, and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favorably with Labouchere's recent effort to interpose a direct challenge to the first reading of a similar bill yesterday."

Just before the commencement of this session Parnell had another interview with Morley, and impressed upon him the policy of an oblique method of procedure with reference to land purchase and the necessity of keeping the bill a secret and a limitation in the application of funds.

"I agreed with me," says Parnell, "and I offered to move on the first reading of the bill an amendment in favor of this local control, advising, if this was rejected, that it might be left to the Radicals on a second reading." He thinks, "that this was a false strategy, but it was strategy adopted out of regard to English prejudices and radical peculiarities. I did the best possible under the circumstances, and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favorably with Labouchere's recent effort to interpose a direct challenge to the first reading of a similar bill yesterday."

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## IN AFRICA.

Good Land for Coffee, Sugar-Cane and Other Tropical Products.

LONDON, November 28th.—H. H. Johnson, British Consul at Mozambique, who made peace between the Swazi Arabs and other warring tribes in Nyassaland, says that the country through which the Upper Shire passes is marginally fertile, well watered and eminently suited for coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco and other tropical products. The inhabitants, however, are almost hopelessly degraded through strong drink. No liquors have been imported for years, but the Portuguese taught the natives early how to make grog, and there is a perpetual orgie of intoxication. Murders are of almost hourly occurrence, and wars never cease. The country to the north end of Lake Nyassa is a veritable African arachnid, and the inhabitants thrive.

George S. Mackenzie, chief administrator of the British East Africa Company, states that within a year the company has freed 4,000 slaves, while the naval cruisers captured, and freed only an average of 120 a year. Mackenzie thinks it a waste of time and money to maintain a fleet to capture slaves. The best way is to surprise slave hunting in the interior by means of building roads and opening up the country,

## RUSSIAN OUTRAGES.

BERLIN, November 28th.—The Volks Zeitung reports an outrage by Russian soldiers on their frontier, near Alexandrevo, a party of them raiding the house of a land-owner, assaulting the proprietor's wife, terribly beating the man, and carrying off everything of value.

## Salaries Reduced.

PARIS, November 28th.—A dispatch from Buenos Ayres states that a decree has been issued reducing the salaries of Government officials per cent.

## Great Country.

As to what a country we have the Pittsburg Dispatch has figured up the following: "The greatest coal oil region in the world is in Pennsylvania. The greatest in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. The greatest lake in the world is Lake Superior, 490 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The highest waterfall in the world is that of the Yellowstone river, 350 feet in depth. Nowhere else in the whole world is natural gas as plentiful as it is in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The greatest city park in the world is Fairmount Park in Philadelphia containing over 2,900 acres. The greatest natural bridge in the world is over Cedar creek, in Virginia, 90 feet wide and 250 feet high. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the supply of which appears inexhaustible. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri, 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The longest river in the world is the Mississippi and Missouri, 4,100 miles long; its valley is the largest in the world, containing 500,000 square miles. It is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe. The most wonderful agglomeration of natural phenomena in the whole world is to be seen in the Yellowstone National Park, with its 440 springs, its paint-pots and mud springs, geysers, sulphur and quartz mountains, and other wonders of that region."

## Florida Phosphates.

As is well known, phosphates are extensively used in this country and Europe in the manufacture of fertilizers. Hundreds of thousands of tons are used annually, and the demand is increasing. The most valuable deposits in this country have been the beds in South Carolina, and the Palmetto State has found a new competitor in Florida, where the vast deposits to the north and west of Tallahassee are Peace river, about fifty miles south of Tampa, a distance of over three hundred miles, and with a width, so far as developed, of from ten to fifty miles.

## QUEENSTOWN.

THE FIRST PORT MADE BY AMERICAN STEAMERS TO LIVERPOOL.

Mails Left and Received There.—The Passenger's Reception—Famous Places.

The word "Queenstown" has an attractive sound to most travelers to and from Europe. It is as good as the end or beginning of the ocean voyage on that side as Sandy Hook is on this. It is the first stop for a steamer from New York to Liverpool, and many passengers land there instead of completing the voyage, preferring to go on by rail. The first bit of land sighted by a boat from the United States is Crookhaven. This is simply a station for the vessel is spoken and her safe arrival is telegraphed over the world. From this point to Queenstown is about eighty miles, with but little to see high and broken cliff as a coast line. At the entrance to Queenstown harbor is a bold promontory called Roche's point. Here the mails and passengers not going to Liverpool are transferred to a tender and sent on shore. All in-coming steamers leave the mails here, and when bound out take on the English mails. The distance from Queenstown to Liverpool is 240 miles, and steamers usually take from seventeen to twenty hours in making it.

The time is occasionally increased by insufficiency of water at the Liverpool bar. But by the mail service via Dublin and Holyhead the time between Queenstown and London, 201 miles farther than Liverpool, is only nineteen hours, so it is possible for a mail to be delivered in London before the steamer which brought it to Queenstown has entered the Mersey. The service is by train to Cork and Dublin thence by channel steamers across the Irish sea to Holyhead, on the Welsh coast, and from Holyhead to the metropolis by fast trains, which cover the distance, 260 miles, in six hours and forty minutes.

In coming to America the steamers wait at Queenstown for the mail leaving London at 9 o'clock in the evening of the day on which they sail from Liverpool. If one left the latter port at noon Saturday morning, and would anchor there until the arrival of the train which left London nine hours after she left Liverpool, and which would be due in Queenstown at about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. A businessman also gains a working day on shore by using the mail route to Queenstown, and the steamer themselves find it convenient port for the embarkation of emigrants from Ireland. The passengers who embark at Liverpool usually have enough time ashore at Queenstown, while the steamer is waiting for the mail, to see the harbor, the River Lee, Cork, and even to kiss the Blarney stone, and for those bound to Europe it is the best starting point for the tour of Killarney.

Queenstown harbor is somewhat like that of New York. As the Narrows protect the latter, Rock's Point and its opposite headland shut out the storms from the former and keep the water within smooth when that out-side is raging. The circular bay, with its islands and hilly shores, is also a duplicate of what may be seen in the neighborhood of Staten Island. At the mouth the land is craggy and the heights are fortified, but further in the foliage is profuse. There is anchorage for thousands of ships and a sufficient depth of water to admit the largest at all tides.

At the head of the bay, almost straight from the Point, is the town built in terraces, on a wooded and heathy bluff. The houses are nearly all white and uniform in feature. Their color and the frequent green which surrounds them give them a tropical resemblance, especially when the sun lights them up and distills rainbow tints from the atmosphere.

At the foot of the cliff and along the quays is a street of shops and taverns, most of them aiming for patrons at tourists, emigrants and seafarers. The higher up the bay, with its islands and hilly shores, is also a duplicate of what may be seen in the neighborhood of Staten Island. At the mouth the land is craggy and the heights are fortified, but further in the foliage is profuse. There is anchorage for thousands of ships and a sufficient depth of water to admit the largest at all tides.

Mr. Craig was born in Iowa City, Ia., in 1859. When quite small his parents moved to Kentucky, where they lived until John was 13 years old. At which he weighed 11 pounds. When 11 months old his weight was 77 pounds. From this time on his gain in flesh was phenomenal. At the age of 2 years his weight was 206 pounds. During 1858 his parents took him to New York city and entered him as a contestant in the baby show, inaugurated by P. T. Barnum, and he was awarded a cash prize of \$1,000 as the largest and heaviest child on exhibition. At the age of 5 years his weight had increased to 302 pounds.

During the next six years his weight increased to 405 pounds. The following eight years his weight increased 196 pounds, causing him to tip the beam at 601 pounds. At the age of 25 his weight was 725; at 27 it had increased to 758 pounds. During the next year he gained 54 pounds, making his weight, at the age of 28, 792. From that time on his weight has been gradually increasing, until he now tips the scales at 907 pounds.

Mr. Craig has never been ill a day in his life, is a very delicate eater, is not addicted to the use of intoxicants, and does not use tobacco in any form.

Mr. Craig stands six feet five inches in his stocking feet and measures eighty-four inches at the hips. It requires forty-one yards of cloth to make a coat, full-skirted, coat, vest and trousers—and it takes three pounds of yarn to make him a pair of stockings. He laughingly says the cows always smile when they see him going to a shoe shop to have his measure for a pair of boots, as it will take a whole side to make him a pair. He wears No. 12 boots.

The father of Mr. Craig was a very small man, weighing from 115 to 120 pounds; his mother was a small woman, not weighing over 110 or 115 pounds. His great-great-grandfather, on his mother's side, was the first Governor of Vermont, Governor Chittenden, and was born in Ireland. His grandfather, Dr. Hanson Catlett, was Assistant Surgeon-General of the United States for thirty-five years, and died in the Government service at East Liberty, Pa. He was a native of England.

On his father's side Mr. Craig's grandfather was a native of Scotland. His grandmother was a German, having been born in Frankfort. Mr. Craig is a first cousin to William P. Hepburn, at the present time Solicitor for the United States Treasury.

His wife is a beautiful woman, about 30 years old, small of stature and will weigh perhaps 130 pounds. Her luxuriant raven-black hair falls in graceful curls, reaching below her waist. Mr. Craig says he fell in love with his wife when they first met, and as she has never tried to wear the trousers he still adores her as much as he did the day they were married.—Chicago Times.

For School Director.....THOMAS HARPER  
For School Director.....HERBERT C. TUCKER  
For School Director.....A. C. TUFTS  
For School Director.....T. B. REID

By order of Republican County Central Committee. [n28-31] A. J. GARDNER, Chairman.

ish in C—— was a pumpkin social, and the young ladies of St. Paul's had a reputation of doing about the best in all their work. The social was given in the Sunday-school room of the church edifice, the seats having been cleared away to make room for the free circulation of those present. The affair was advertised as a pumpkin social, and the following verse was run in the paper as many times as it was thought of:

Pumpkins large and pumpkins small,  
Pumpkins yellow and pumpkins green,  
Pumpkins as dainty as ever seen,  
Pumpkins baked and pumpkins stewed,  
Pumpkins cooked and pumpkins to eat,  
Pumpkins spicy and pumpkins sweet,  
Pumpkins in pie as yellow as gold,  
Pumpkins for pie as yellow as gold,  
Pumpkins for every use under the sun,  
Pumpkins in some shape for every one.

This was followed by the announcement of the place and date of the social, and succeeded in filling the room full to overflowing with people curious to know in how many shapes pumpkins could be put up for sale.

Very little decoration was indulged in beyond a few crook-necked gourds tacked on the wall to form the word "Welcome" and a row of jack-o'-lanterns along the front of the church. This latter idea brought a good many in who were simply passing and was a source of great joy to the younger ones. A lantern was also placed on each of the small tables in the supper room.

The cook-books were ransacked for recipes from which were concocted all manner of savory dishes containing pumpkin and squash. They are very numerous, and every cook-book gives a great many of them. In the line of articles for sale the ingenuity of the young ladies was best shown. There were pin-cushions made of yellow and green plush and very like pumpkins in shape and color; not in size, gourds or all sizes were made to serve as mats; boxes, teacup holders, brush stands, perfume bottles, ink-stands, candlesticks, and even collar and cuff boxes. Of their variety there was no end; the whole country seemed to have been scouring to procure the oddest and most unique specimens of the gourd family. They were decorated, gilded, swathed in ribbons, fastened to standards, studded, clothed in plush and silk, swung up by silk cords and utilized in every possible manner. Some of the crook-necks were given features and fantastic garments and masqueraded as dolls in whose heads, after one had removed their hats, were found matches or pins. One little squat gourd was dressed to represent a Chinaman and by pulling his